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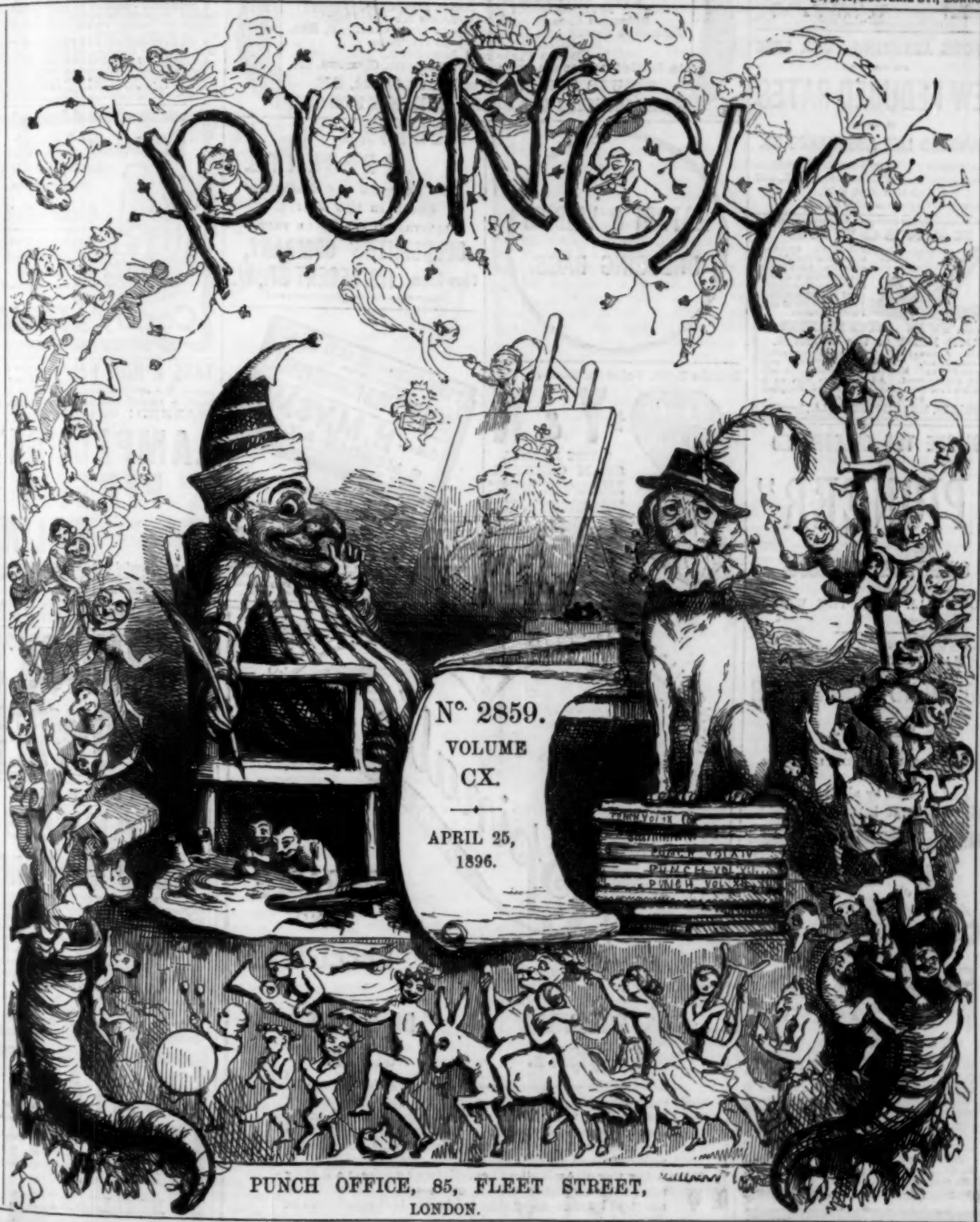

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"Well, Guy, did you enjoy the Party?"
"Yes, Mummy; but I'm *so* hungry. There was only a *now and then* Tea, you know; with no Chairs, and no Grace!"

ROUNDABOUT READINGS.

After Twenty-two Years.

At Easter time as at Christmas and towards the end of July there are feast-days and revellings and high solemn occasions at the various schools in which the youth of England faithfully learns the ingenuous arts which, according to Colonel Newcome, *emollunt mores nec sinuisse feros*. Easter is the season specially set apart in the school calendar for the holding of athletic sports, and from far and near streams of pleased and prosperous parents flow towards the school cricket-field to behold the efforts of their sons struggling for supremacy with the cricket-ball, over the hurdles, in the jumps, and in the various other competitions appointed for the testing of swiftness, strength, and endurance. Thither, too, come the old boys, some but lately released from the school fetters, others grey-headed and portly, to applaud the prowess of their young successors and to spend an hour or two in converse with old friends. Pleasant gatherings are these of men, parted by time and circumstance and the cares of life, who thus for a brief space renew their happy youth, fight the old fights over again, and tremble once more as they repeat the tale of their peccadilloes, and of the scrapes over which the familiar birch cast its baleful but undeterring shadow.

I braced myself the other day to climb the Northern height where my own school-days were passed. It was the day of the athletic sports, and a sense of things dimly remembered, seen as through a veil, came over me as I made my way down the lane and neared the old gate. Boys in caps and flannel shorts and stockings were hurrying along. They all seemed absurdly young, and there was about them a boniness (if the word may be pardoned) and kind of angular falling short of full development which has, I suppose, always marked the genus boy. Could it have been that I, too, once hurried as did these eager competitors; was I indeed so young, so bony, so angular, so eager; I who, with sober air and measured step, was pacing down the lane? Surely the boys of my time were older, fuller in build, less prone to rush up behind other boys and slap them violently on their backs, with the certainty that the outrageous proceeding, far from breeding resentment, would be treated as an excellent joke. A group sped past me; I caught a scrap of their conversation. "So I told him I wouldn't have any of his beastly cheek. These small boys ought to be jolly well spanked." The speaker was not large, but he was evidently larger than some other boy, and that other boy had checked him. There was a familiar sound about the words, and something in me seemed to acknowledge that once in the long ago I might possibly have used them myself. No doubt twenty-two years are *grande mortalis ævi spatium;* they bring their hateful and inevitable changes, and the accursed tailor may, perhaps, have spoken the truth when he hinted, a few weeks ago, that he thought he would have to allow an inch or so more round the waist.

Outside the gate, with a table in front of him, sat an old gentleman at the receipt of custom. "Admission, Sir? Sixpence; programme, threepence. Thank you, Sir." Heavens! It was my old friend Mr. Rogers, the hatter, from the High Street, whose tall form and brilliant auburn beard had been my boyish admiration. But now the snows of twenty-two years lay thick upon the auburn though his voice was still hearty. "It's a long time since we met, Mr. Rogers," I ventured to say. "Yes, Sir, time will keep going; we're both getting a bit older than we were," and upon this somewhat painful aphorism I passed into the field. A grave, but kindly-looking gentleman came towards me, leading by the hand a rosy-cheeked little fellow of ten or eleven. He looked at me in a scrutinising way and paused as if intending to address me. Evidently he knew me; but where had we met? The face of the little boy seemed familiar enough——yes, of course, I knew the little boy; it was Harry Ross: we were in the same form, we got flogged on the same day, we learnt dancing together in the holidays, he swore he would marry my sister, in fact, wrote the vow down on a piece of paper and sealed it with black sealing-wax, "I sware that when I grow up and have one hundred pounds a year of my own I will mary your sister Alice: signed and seeled, Harry Ross." I was about to shake him warmly by the hand and congratulate him on looking younger than ever when I woke with a start from my dream and realised that this was Harry Ross's son, and that the grave but kindly parent was indeed my old friend Harry Ross.

We walked about the field together and managed to knit many old memories as we walked. In the pavilion a long table groaned under a gorgeous array of prizes. Here were clocks, dressing-bags, bats, cups, toast-racks, and even (with a pleasing anticipation of coming years of freedom) silver cigarette-cases—the trophies of the victors in the games then proceeding.

"My dear Harry," I said, "do you remember that race in the hundred yards?" "I remember I beat you." "Yes, that's just it; you did beat me, but if I hadn't had the cramp——" "Cramp be blowed; I always could run a hundred yards faster than you." "You couldn't." "I could. I'll run you now."

But at this proposal the younger Harry was taken with so violent a fit of laughter, that we went no further with it. Poor little boy! of course he couldn't realise how young we both felt at an age which to him, no doubt, seemed of an unattainable antiquity. Still a look at the pavilion wall might have justified him, for on the board of honour there the names of more than twenty School Elevens were painted after the Eleven that contained his father's name and mine.

In the field the sports proceeded merrily. Long boys flung themselves into contortions over the high jump, short boys toppled in heaps over hurdles, panting boys wore down opposition, and raced gallantly home in the mile; and in the School Handicap countless little boys, dotted about the grass like stars, awaited the firing of the pistol, and then sprang forward for the race. Need I say that all my sympathies went with the diminutive limit-boy. He struggled gallantly, but, alas! he was overborne at last by a sturdier and bigger rival, and was forced to subside into the ruck. Finally came the glorious presentation of the prizes. How those boys cheered and shouted as the heroes of the day stepped modestly forward to receive their prizes, how they cheered (as though to show there was no trace of ill-feeling left in their minds) when the head-master stepped out and congratulated the victors in a few hearty, well-chosen words. Nor did we omit to praise and cheer "the *mens sana in corpore sano*," words not unknown, indeed, at school athletics, but true and welcome notwithstanding. It was a right pleasant day, and we wound it up not ingloriously with a dinner in the evening, a dinner for the old boys who had graced the occasion. Yet, as I stood on the station platform, awaiting the last train, I seemed to have had a few years added to my tale. But another "old boy" who had come from Cambridge, felt no such qualms. He had enjoyed his dinner, and he was now singing up and down the platform. "Isn't it splendid, old fellow," he remarked to a friend, "why, I've been proctorised for much less than this at Cambridge." Oh, daring and tremendous old boy, the melancholy time must come when even proctors will cease to be a terror.

THE ALLIANCE TRIPLE TRICYCLE.

G-rm-n Emp-r-r (inflating Italian wheel). "I THINK IT 'LL RUN A LITTLE WHILE LONGER NOW!"

A STUDY IN ANATOMY.

Dealer. "There, Sir! That's what I call a Picture!"
Prospective Buyer. "H'm—yes—he does rather suggest one of those Röntgen-Ray Photographs!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

What shall the Baron say of *The Statement of Stella Maberley*, written by "Herself" (an entirely new authoress) and published by Fisher Unwin? It appears to me, quoth the Baron, that, had not this work been "precursed," so to put it classically and not incorrectly, in more senses than one, by that awful story of the *Great God Pan* (a revival of the legend of *Le Succube, ou Démon femelle*) in the Key-note Series (when key-notes were at their highest pitch, or lowest, whichever it may have been), it might have attracted with all the glamour of such originality as, in the time of Byron and Shelley, fascinated the readers of *Frankenstein*. *The Statement of Stella Maberley* shows undoubted cleverness, and it is consistent in its puzzlement and in its weird, real unreality. It might form the third of a new series, to be entitled "*The Lunatic Library*," of which the two first volumes, according to my selection, would be *The Germ Growers* and *The Wonderful Visit*.

Mr. Fisher Unwin is a bold man, even for a publisher. He has invited the young men and girls who write books for him to sit down and discourse about their work and themselves. Overcoming natural and almost impassable diffidence, they have accepted the mission. The result appears in a little volume, entitled *Good Reading About Many Books, mostly by their Authors*. The innocent little thing (price one shilling nett) is appropriately issued in snow-white cover. Some of the biographical details are quite thrilling. Here, for example, is what Mr. Harold Spender, author of *At the Sign of the Guillotine*, says:—

"I come of a family that has now spilt ink in profusion for two generations, and I should not like to say how many reams of paper have been blackened by my relatives in their transit from the paper-mills to the waste-paper basket."

This graphic picture of Mr. Spender's relatives on their way from the paper-mills to the waste-paper basket, apparently oozing black blood, beats the primest efforts of the Fat Boy in the way of making your flesh creep. The Good Reading is not all quite as good as this. But, taken a little at a time, it is charming.

In *The Cloud of Witness*, the Oxford University Press has turned out a sumptuous book worthy their high renown. It is in every way luxurious, though happily not after the fashion of the ordinary *éditions de luxe*, with which the casual reader most conveniently wrestles prone on the drawing-room floor. As a work of the printers' and bookbinders' art, it is so distractingly charming that my Baronite almost forgot to read it. This omission corrected, its contents, compiled by Mrs. Littleton Gell, are found to be worthy of their unique mode of presentation. Mrs. Gell has culled the poesy garden of the poets, and deftly arranges her bouquets in daily sequence following the Christian seasons. Some clear, high note is struck for every day.

One of the Baron's Deputy-Assistants has been sampling Mrs. Helen Black's *Pen, Pencil, Baton, and Mask* with satisfactory results. He says that the volume, which contains some sixty or seventy "portraits in quill and ink," is full of interest not only to the subjects of the sketches, but to the public at large. The biographies are capital blends of black and white; the authoress's name supplies the first, and her good-nature the second. "Quite a book," concludes the Deputy-Assistant, "to read for pleasure for a week, and to keep for reference for a century."

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A Man in the Street. Yes, but Income Tax at eightpence in the pound! Oh lor!

Change of Name.—Detective Burrell, the young detective officer who "unearthed" the whereabouts of Messrs. Fowler and Milsom at Bath, should be known as "Detective Burrow."

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(By Baboo Hurry Bungsho Jabberjee, B.A.)

No. XI.

Mr. Jabberjee finds himself in a position of extreme delicacy.

It is an indubitable fact that the discovery of steam is the most marvellous invention of the century. For had it been predicted beforehand that innumerable millions of human beings would be transported with security at a headlong speed for hundreds of miles along a ferruginous track, the most temporary deviation from which would produce the inevitable cataclysm and awful smash, the majority would have expressed their candid opinion of such rhodomontade by cocking the contemptuous snook of incredulity.

And yet it is now the highly accomplished fact and matter of course!

Still, I shall venture to express the opinion that the pleasurability of such railway journeys is largely dependent upon the person who may be our travelling companion, and that some of the companies are not quite careful enough in the exclusion of undesirable fellow-passengers. In proof of which I now beg to submit an exemplary instance from personal experience.

I was recently the payer of a ceremonial visit to a friend of my boyhood, namely, Baboo Chuckerbutty Ram, with whom, finding him at home in his lodgings in a distant suburb, I did hold politely affectionate intercourse, for the space of two hours, and then departed, as I had come, by train, and the sole occupant of a second-class dual compartment divided by a low partition.

At the next station the adjoining compartment was suddenly invaded by a portly female of the matronly type, with a rubicund countenance and a bonnet in a dismantled and lopsided condition, who was bundled through the doorway by the impetuosity of a porter, and occupied a seat in immediate opposition to myself.

When the train resumed its motion, I observed that she was contemplating me with a beaming simper of indescribable suavity, and, though she was of an unornamental exterior and many years my superior, I constrained myself from motives of merest politeness to do some simpering in return, since only a churlish would grudge such an economical and inexpensive civility.

"A beaming simper of indescribable suavity."

But whether she was of an unusually ardent temperament, or whether, against my volition, I had invested my simper with an irresistible winsomeness, I cannot tell; but she fell to making nods and becks and wreathed smiles which reduced me to crimson sheepishness, and the necessity of looking earnestly out of window at vacancy.

At this she entreated me passionately not to be unkind, inviting me to cross to the next compartment and seat myself by her side; but I did nill this invitation politely, urging that Company's byelaws countermanded the placing of boots upon the seat-cushions, and my utter inability to pose as a *Romeo* to scale the barrier.

Whereupon, to my lively horror and amazement, she did exclaim, "Then I will come to *you*, darling!" and commenced to scramble precipitately towards me over the partition!

At which I was in the blue funk, perceiving the *arcanum* of her design to embrace me, and resolved to leave no stone unturned for the preservation of my bacon. So, at the moment she made the entrance into my compartment, I did simultaneously hop the twig into the next, and she followed in pursuit, and I once more achieved the return with inconceivable agility.

Then, as we were both, like *Hamlet*, fat and short of breath, I addressed her gaspingly across the barrier, assuring her that it was as if to milk the ram to set her bonnet at a poor young native chap who regarded her with nothing but platonical esteem, and advising her to sit down for the recovery of her wind.

But alack! this speech only operated to inspire her with the *spretæ injuria formæ*, and flourishing a large stalwart umbrella, she exclaimed that she would teach me how to insult a lady.

After that she came floundering once again over the partition, and, guarding my loins, I leapt into the next compartment, seeing the affair had become a *sauve qui peut*, and devil take the hindmost; and at the nick of time, when she was about to descend like a wolf on a fold, I most fortunately perceived a bell-handle provided for such pressing emergencies, and rung it with such unparalleled energy, that the train immediately became stationary.

Then, as my female persecutress alighted on the floor of the compartment in the limp condition of a collapse, I stepped across to my original seat, and endeavoured to look as if with withers unwrung. Presently the Guard appeared, and what followed I can best render in the dramatical form of a dialogue:—

The Guard (*addressing the* Elderly Female, *who is sitting smiling with vacuity beneath the bell-pull*). So it is you who have sounded the alarm! What is it all about?

The Elderly Female (*with warm indignation*). Me? I never did! I am too much of the lady. It was that young coloured gentleman in the next compartment.

[*At which the tip of my nose goes down with apprehensiveness.*

The Guard. Indeed! A likely story! How could the gentleman ring this bell from where he is?

Myself (*with mental presence*). Well said, Mister Guard! The thing is not humanly possible. *Rem acu tetigisti!*

The Guard. I do not understand Indian, Sir. If you have anything to say about this affair, you had better say it.

Myself (*combining discretion with magnanimousness*). As a chivalrous, I must decline to bring any accusation against a member of the weaker sex, and my tongue is hermetically sealed.

The Eld. F. It was *him* who rang the alarm, and not me. He was in this compartment, and I in that.

The Guard. What? have you been playing at Hide-and-seek together, then? But if your story is watertight, he must have rung the bell in a state of abject bodily terror, owing to your chivying him about!

The Eld. F. It is false! I have been well educated, and belong to an excellent family. I merely wanted to kiss him.

The Guard. I see what is your complaint. You have been imbibing the drop too much, and will hear of this from the Company. I must trouble you, Mam, for your correct name and address.

Myself (*after he had obtained this, and was departing*). Mister Guard, I do most earnestly entreat you not to abandon me to the mercies of this female woman. I am not a proficient in physical courage, and have no desire to test the correctness of Poet Pope's assertion, that Hell does not possess the fury of a scorned woman. I request to be conducted into a better-populated compartment.

The Guard (*with complimentary jocosity*). Ah, such young good-looking chaps as you ought to go about in a veil. Come with me, and I'll put you into a smoker-carriage. You won't be run after there!

So the incident was closed, and I did greatly compliment myself upon the sagacity and coolness of head with which I extricated myself from my pretty kettle of fish. For to have denounced myself as the real alarmist would have rendered the affair more, rather than less, discreditable to my feminine companion, and I should have been arraigned before the solemn bar of a police-court magistrate, who might even have made a Star Chamber matter of the incident.

All is well that is well over, but when you have been once bitten, you become doubly bashful. Consequently, this humble self will take take care that he does not on any subsequent occasion travel alone in a railway compartment with a female woman.

THAT GAME OF GOLF.

No. II.

Well, there we were, Poffles, Slogum, and myself. Poffles went off first, but the ball didn't seem to me to go as far as Poffles meant it to, judging by the energy he put into it. It couldn't have travelled more than twenty yards in all. Slogum said that Poffles "*sliced*" it, and one of my caddies said he "*topped*" it, and Slogum's that he "*pulled*" it, and a gentleman we didn't know came up and aid that Poffles "*tosd*" it a bit and didn't "*play it through*." We argued this for a quarter of an hour, and then Poffles got sulky, and said he hadn't come there to be talked to by a lot of "foozelers," and that *he* knew what he had done, and had done it on purpose to get a "*good lie*." I thought *this* was "a good lie," but I didn't say so.

Then Slogum went off, and his ball went much farther than Poffles' ball, but it made a funny sort of curve round to the right, and landed in a bush. After that it was my turn. I wanted to play with that "niblick," but Poffles and the gentleman we didn't know wouldn't let me. They said it wasn't the *game*. So I took the "mid-spoon bulger driver," and let fly at the ball for all I was worth.

Poffles gasped when he saw me let out at that ball, and the caddie nearest me said "Strike me," under his breath, and another caddie said "S'elp me." Then we looked to see where the ball would come down, but it *didn't* come down. I said I must have driven it into the river, and felt proud, and Poffles said it must have got fixed up one of the trees, and the gentleman we didn't know said it was most curious. We were just going to put down another ball, when one of my caddies who was making the "tee" suddenly gave a "guffaw," and digging down into the ground about six inches produced the ball. There it was safe enough, deep in the earth below the tee, and we had another argument to explain how it got there. Poffles said I was too near the ball, and Slogum said I "pressed too much," and the gentleman we didn't know said he thought I "took my eye off the ball." We couldn't settle it any way, so I drove off again, and this time I did hit it, and to everybody's surprise (though it was what they called a short hole) it landed on the green, just over the "bunker," as they said, "in one." (*I* didn't know what a bunker was, but I wasn't going to say so.)

Then we went and looked at Slogum's ball, which had stuck in the middle of a big bush, full of thorns and things. Poffles said Slogum must "play it out," according to Rule 29, which says, a ball is to be played "wherever it lies." Slogum, however, said that, according to Rule 18, when a ball is covered with "fog, bent whins," &c., as much shall be set aside as will give the player "a view of his ball," and he hadn't any view of that ball at all when he was in a position to strike, so the bush ought to be "set aside." Then Poffles' caddie said, according to Rule 12, a player must not "move, bend, or break anything, fixed or growing, near the ball, except in placing his feet on the ground to address the ball," and the gentleman we didn't know said that the bush was a "hazard," and according to Rule 14, nothing must be touched or moved before the player strikes the ball when it lies in a hazard. Then Slogum got savage and said he would lie down under the bush and "scrape it out," but Poffles said that was against Rule 4, which says, you mustn't "push, scrape, or spoon a ball." So Slogum *had* to play it out after all, and a glorious time he had with that bush, whilst we sat round and encouraged him, Poffles particularly advising him to "*go right in and hit it*."

After that, Poffles and Slogum got on the green somehow, and one of the caddies offered me a "putter." Slogum said I must "*put*" the ball down next, and I wanted to "*put*" it with that niblick, but they wouldn't let me, so I had to use the putter and I got the ball quite near the hole, and Slogum, who "putted" next, knocked my ball in and one of the caddies said it was "bogey," though I couldn't see what "bogies" had to do with it any way. Then Poffles said he was down in twenty-seven, and Slogum said he wasn't, and they argued that ten minutes, and the caddies all argued too. While they were arguing, there was a funny man behind me shouting "four" at the top of his voice, and I wondered what was the matter with him. I reckoned, from the way he was going on, that he felt really bad, so I sat down on the grass to watch him. As I did so he seemed to be taken much worse, for he jumped round, and screamed, and waved his club in a way that was simply frantic. Then on the other side of him there was another man who suddenly seemed taken in the same way, as he also commenced to dance round and yell "four," too. I thought they might be playing "nap" or something, or that they had both been drinking, and wondered why they were not turned out. Just as I turned round, however, to ask Poffles (who was still arguing) about it, something caught me in the back like a bullet, and I sat down on the grass again and used language that must have been painful to listen to. Then those two lunatics who had been shouting "Four" came up and asked me why the "blank blank" I didn't take my "blank blank blank anatomy" out of the way when I saw them coming up, and Poffles, who was already as mad as he could be, asked them what the "blank blank" they meant by playing on people when they were still on the green, and Slogum said they ought to know better, and then the lunatics said they weren't going to wait our "blank blank" pleasure all the "blank" day while we argued on the green, and then two of the caddies began to fight, and I was getting my niblick ready for one of those idiots when the gentleman we didn't know came up and implored us to be calm, and not to disgrace the precincts with an undignified dispute. So we parted the two caddies, and Slogum said we had better let the other party pass us; and so we waited till they had gone, and how we played on, and what we did, I will reserve for my third and last.

LONG AGO LEGENDS.

Ye ffunnie man and Ye beggar man.

Once was a ffunnie man whose custome it was toe make offe hande ryddles, jokes, quipes and crankes in ye banqueting hall, devysyng them wythe moche care and laboure before hande. One daye whyle out a walkynge he dyde make up a ryddle he dyde thynke ryght goode, when he came upone a stalwarte beggar man a restyng hymselfe under ye shade of a dede wall.

"Ffry ende," sayd he, "I have made a ryddle whych I woulde teste on thee. Now, if ye can guess it in one houre, I will presente ye wythe a groat." And he slapped hys well filld pouche and pulled out hys dyal. Then he asked ye beggar man ye ryddle, whych ye Chronicclere forgetteth, but it will be ffounde wythe otheres in *Muggyn's Boke of Merrie Jestes*. And ye beggar man knyte hys browes, and stampd, and banged hys head untyl one mynute of ye tyme, but to no avayle, when he cryed, "What a ffoole am I!" "Not so," sayd ye ffunnie man, a smylynge; "rather what a clevere man am I to puzzle you so." "I mean not that," sayd ye beggar man; "but here have I been a cudglynge my pate one houre ffor a groate, when I myght have had ye groate and lykewyse your pouche and dyal in no tyme by symplye cudglynge yours wythe this grett jagged staffe. Hande overe!"

Ye ffunnie man, who felt no longere soe, complyd ryght quyckly.

"The Best Costume for Lady Bicyclists."

(*Dedicated to "The Woman at Home," by an old Curmudgeon.*)

If woman of her wheeling brags,
And flaunts upon the "biking" track,
Let her not only don the "bags";
Give her, at once, the "sack."

The rooks that inhabit the Isle of Man have got themselves seriously disliked. A deputation, representative of the Manx farming interest, waited upon the Agricultural Society's President and "lodged a complaint" against them. It was pointed out, says the *Liverpool Courier*, that the depredations had reached extensive proportions, "farmers having lost half, and even two-thirds, of their crops." But how can birds be expected to do without "crops"?

Epitaph for a Railway Director.—"His life was spent on pleasant lines."

NOT SO HEARTLESS AS IT SEEMS.

She. "Here is a Stamp for your Letter; you can repay me when you come back from London this evening."
He. "And suppose I 'm killed in a Railway Accident."
She. "Oh, well—the loss wouldn't be very great!"

COMMON OR GARDEN RHYMES.

I.—A Plea for the Wall-flower.

Plain, unpretending, homely, shy,
It clings against the wall,
A blossom there are few to spy,
To gather none at all.
The wall-flower, only eyed afar,
Poor foolish man supposes
Less lovely than the lilies are,
Less fragrant than the roses.

To pluck the flowers that seem more fair
The crowd in blindness hastes,
Its sweetness on the desert air
The lonely wall-flower wastes:
And yet its beauty being concealed
From casual passing glances
Its worth to whom it is revealed
A hundred fold enhances.

I know a garden fair and bright,
With wealth of blossom blest,
Where man may choose for his delight
The flower he loves the best;
And, though the lily, violet,
And rose within it all flower,
He oft might choose without regret
To win and wear a wall-flower!

Poetry on a Pewter.

(*From Sir Wilfrid's Point of View.*)

Beer is a compound so adulterate grown,
As to be hated needs but to be known.
But foully foaming, at the pint-pot's brink,
Men first distrust, then dally with, then DRINK!

POLICEMAN X JUNIOR ON SCIENCE IN THE FORCE.

["The scientific burglar must be met, or better, perhaps, followed, by the ultra-scientific policeman."—*Daily Telegraph.*]

"*My* name," too, is "Pleaceman X," jest like him sung of old by Thackeray,
And I don't know as my brains, or bull's-eye, burns with slower, slacker ray;
But I own it gives me beans, and seems a prospek most 'orrific.
This here talk about a Bobby being "ultra-skyentific."

I can spell a trifle better, I emagine, than did him,
Wich his notions about grammar were, I think, a little dim, ["X ray,"
But if our hexaminations is to be on that
And on similar mistries, we shall 'ave to strike for 'igher pay.

Ultra-skyentific Bobby may *sound* grand, but in a tussle
With Bill Sikes—the new or old one—give me common sense and muscle,
A steel saw drove by petroleum, wot then there French burglars used
For to crack the money-changer's safe, shows science much abused.

Stillsomever if you arm us Bobbies with ingenious fakes
From the Royal Hinstitution, it *may* turn out no great shakes.
"Open up a vista"? Ah! But wot if "happyratus" jib,
And Bobby's arm git out of gear whilst Bill is "opening up" a crib?

The "New Burglary," no doubt, like the "New Woman," is a bore;
But the "New Bobby," made to horder, might, perchance, prove no great score.
Portable batteries, instead of fists and truncheons, may sound prime;
But *I* should fidge about their busting in my pocket arf the time.

Even revolvers we ain't nuts on, pistols is contrairy things;
And new skyentific fakes, all tubes, and sparks, and screws, and springs,
Would give me the ditherums—straight! Look at them tubes of squoze-up gas—
Hoxygin, ain't it?—If they bust, you're just blowed up like Balaam's ass!

I don't want galvanic shocks about me packed in brass or steel.
If I got 'em wrong end uppards, and went pop, 'ow should I feel?
Wouldn't Bill the Burglar bust—with larfter—at Policeman X
Parylised by 'is pocket-battery? Sech new-fangled notions wex!

If these "Röntgen Rays" enable him to look through doors and shutters,
Likewise walls and burglars' bags, crib-crackers at their little flutters,
P'raps, might funk it. But suppose *they're* also fly to the new game?
Skyence against skyence set might leave the hupshot much the same.

Wot you want to match a burglar after all gents, is a Man! [skyentific plan,
And the Perlice Force horganised on this new
With their pockets full o' batteries, and the new (Pleaceman) "X ray"
Up their sleeves, might look himposing, but I've doubts if it would pay!

Sounds like it.—When one goes to pay a bill at the Horseferry Road Gas Office, why will it be a saving of time to buy your cocoa for breakfast there?—Because that company advertises as "The Gas Light and *Coke Co.*"

"ONE AT A TIME."

Irate Irish Bill. "SHURE I'VE BEEN WAITIN' A DIVIL OF A TIME!"
Hairdresser (Mr. A. J. B-lf-r—*blandly*). "BEG PARDON, SIR,—THIS GENTLEMAN FIRST!"
Education Bill (*rather nervous*). "NOT TOO MUCH OFF, PLEASE!"

WONDERS ON WHEELS.

(*By an Old Beginner.*)

Wonder if my doctor was right in ordering me to take this sort of exercise.

Wonder whether I look very absurd while accepting the assistance of an attendant who walks by my side and keeps me from falling by clutches at my waistbelt.

Wonder whether it would have been better to go to Hyde Park instead of Battersea.

Wonder whether the policeman, the postman, the nurse with the perambulator, the young lady reading the novel, and the deck passengers on the passing steamboat are laughing at me.

Wonder whether I shall keep on now that my attendant has let go.

Wonder whether the leading wheel will keep straight on until we have passed that lamp-post.

Wonder whether the next spill I have will be less painful than the last.

Wonder why mats are not laid down by the County Council in the roads for the comfort of falling cyclists.

Wonder why the cycle suddenly doubled up and landed me in the gutter.

Wonder whether the pretty girl in the hat, whose face is hidden by a novel, smiled at my misadventure.

Wonder whether the person who has just come to grief over yonder is using good language or words of an inferior quality.

Wonder whether my attendant is right in urging me to remount and have another try.

Wonder whether I look well wobbling.

Wonder whether the elderly spinster with the anxious manner and air of determination is really enjoying herself.

Wonder whether, when I have completed my first hour, I shall want another.

Wonder whether the imp of a boy will run with me.

Wonder whether my second fall in five minutes beats the record.

Wonder, considering the difficulty of progressing half a dozen paces in as many minutes, how those marvellous feats are performed at Olympia.

Wonder if I shall ever advance upon my present rate of speed, *i.e.*, three-quarters of a mile an hour.

Wonder, finally, if the placards warning cyclists in Battersea Park against the dangers of "furious riding" can possibly be posted for my edification.

THE TURN COMPLIMENTARY.

She. "Oh, Fred, my Head does ache so to-day!"
He. "Lucky!"
She. "Lucky! Oh, how brutal of you! What *do* you mean?"
He. "Shows you 've *got* a Head. So few Women have nowadays!"

"Off Colour."

"*Is* life worth living?" poor Narcissa cried,
Finding youth's gold-tints from her tresses flying.
Gravely the jet-lock'd Lalage replied,
(Placing a mystic bottle at her side,)
"Not without dyeing!"

Ab-sirdar News from the Soudan.—There is no truth in the report that Sir H. Kitchener will attack the Dervishes with a *batterie de cuisine*.

JOURNALISM MADE EASY.

(*Advice to Novices.*)

Here are a few paragraphs, which, like brown paper and string, will always "come in useful."

(1) "The Exhibition this year at the Royal Academy will be exceptionally brilliant it is said by those who have been privileged to inspect the studios of (*mention names of President and leading R. A.'s and A. R. A.'s*), and most of those exponents of the beauties of the brush who are not yet included within the Academic fold have very promising canvases in preparation. We need scarcely say that we allude to Messrs. (*names of likely exhibitors*). The Academy Banquet will be attended by an unusual number of Royal and other celebrities, including (*give some certain guests*)."

Mem.—A graceful allusion to the style of the P.R.A. may be made, but when dealing with a versatile genius avoid *facts*. Be careful to ascertain that the Academy Banquet will be held. Never give an unknown artist a lift. It will only make him more conceited than he is.

(2) "The supply of coal from Durham, Northumberland, the Midlands, and South Wales still continues undiminished, but in view of the large order given the other day by the (*Russian, French, German, any nationality will do*) Government, we would urge that some limit should be placed upon the exportation of that combustible, which is as invaluable to the householder as it is to the battle-ship. Perhaps Mr. (*name of badgering patriot*) or Mr. (*name of would-be Minister*) will raise this important question in the House."

Mem.—It is not absolutely necessary that any coal should have been ordered. If disposed to be friendly to the Prime Minister, admit that the matter is safe in his hands. If facetiously inclined—this is dangerous, however—suggest that a coal-owning M.P. should raise the question.

(3) "This is Midsummer Day, and never has the Clerk of the Weather given us greater proof of his versatility. It is many a long year since he supplied his anxious clients with such a spell of (*sunshine, rain, brightness, or dullness*). It has been observed that England has no fixed climate, and certainly facts go to prove the assertion. Scientists may disagree as to the cause, but in this year of grace that long-suffering man the British Farmer has no reason (*or 'abundant reason'*) to complain of the meteorological phases. Recent reports made to the Board of Agriculture give a correct idea of the present (*flourishing or deplorable*) condition of the country."

Mem.—If the weather be satisfactory, offer congratulations to the British Farmer; if otherwise, assure him of your condolence. A very slight reference to the advantages of Light Railways might now and then be made.

(4) "It would be manifestly unfair to divulge any details of the new (*play, drama, tragedy, comedy, comic opera, burlesque*) which will be produced to-morrow night at the (*state name*) theatre, but this much we may say after witnessing the dress rehearsal, that no pains have been spared by the management to insure success. All London will anxiously await the verdict of the first-night audience. Misses (*throw in names of leading actresses*) and Messrs. (*supply names of actors*) ought not to complain of their opportunities. The scenery, by (*name again*), is most realistic, and the dresses, by (*name once more*), are truly magnificent."

Mem.—In the case of a "star" actor or actress, provide a substantial halo in advance, and suggest enormous booking for seats. Be careful of praising the *piece* beforehand lest it should turn out a failure.

To the Blue Primrose in Kew Gardens.

You once were yellow, fairest flower,
How came you by this stranger hue?
Is it because a robber shower
Brought down some drops of cloudless blue?
But oh! beware the unforeseen,
For blue and yellow give us green.
The Green's a common sight at Kew!

Young Bride. "Do you let your Husband have a Latch-key, Mrs. Jones?"
Mrs. Jones. "No, my dear; it would be useless. I give it to the Milkman!"

TRUE BLUE.

(*Mr. Punch welcometh Peace Portents from Philadelphia.*)

[It is said (by the *Daily Telegraph*) that a Philadelphia physician, after long personal experiments, has discovered, in his own veins, the real, genuine, and inimitable "blue-blood corpuscle." It is hoped that this corpuscle—only one has as yet been identified—will be carefully nourished. . . . In this way the "blue-blood" will be gradually extended throughout America.]

Infinite azure! Prospect sweet!
America hath mind and muscle;
But Jonathan *will* be bad to beat
Now he hath found that blue corpuscle.
Of blood that's red much hath been shed,
Although than water it be thicker;
But *could* we fight with veins full fed
By true blue ichor?

Forbid it heaven,—and dear Debrett!
Forbid it Philadelphia sawbones!
Can blue-blood kin at odds be set
By Monroe or by Jingo jawbones?
Nay! Cleveland, Salisbury, all the crew,
Surely won't make two nations tussle,
Whilst in their veins both bear the true
"Blue-blood corpuscle"!

It cannot be! From sea to sea
Our poor old world will feel a shiver
Should Uncle Sam and old J. B.
Fight, with a blue (not a white) liver.
The very notion might amaze
Satan himself, in mood sardonical,
Scare Cleveland, and still further craze
The *Daily Chronicle*.

Only *one* blue corpuscle found?
That's sad! But *do* that one drop nourish!
From Philadelphia all around
'Twill spread, and peace and joy shall flourish!
Just fancy dear Columbia's cry,
Just picture poor John Bull's condition
If you should let that blue drop die
Of inanition!

Columbia, *Punch* espies a chance
That's better o'en than arbitration;
It makes *his* blue corpuscles dance
With extra azure animation,
Punch ever was your faithful friend,
He ever spake kind word for *you*, dear,
So let this true blue tie extend
Till all is blue, dear!

Result of the Muzzling Order.—The Cur-few Knell.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

The Easter Lament of a Married Traveller.

I've no wish for a holiday now. No! not I,
But I'm forced *nolens volens* to roam.
To some horrible sea resort I must hie,
When I'm looking for comfort at home.
Here it is! where the beach boasts no bathing-machine,
Where the wind cuts me through like a knife,
Where the trees have an ever funereal green—
And I do it because of my wife.

It is she who reminds me that Easter days bring
A revival of honeymoon joys;
And she talks about birds that must sing in the Spring,
When the seagulls are raucous with noise.
So I have to put up with the smell of new paint,
With the waiters, who can't understand;
And I bear with the air of an up-to-date saint
All the strains of an out-of-tune band.

There's the *table d'hôte*—oh! how I loathe the repast,
With its dishes of dubious taste; [cast
Where the 'Arrys their "h's" unfeelingly
Without recking of aspirate waste.
Where 'Arriets flock and complacently chew,
Garbed in gowns of iniquitous style.
It's a kind of a feeding-time sight at the "Zoo,"
But I bear it, for her, with a smile.

I have travelled afar both by land and by sea,
And have wandered in many a clime,
But I never have felt such a longing to be
Safely back, as at this Easter time.
'Neath an African sun, in the snowy Wild West
I've not thought of a civilized life;
And to-day, how I yearn for a haven of rest!
Yet a martyr, I'll not tell my wife!

SIMPLE AS SMOKE!

Dear Mr. Punch,—I have discovered the *modus operandi* of becoming a millionaire. It is no visionary scheme, but one based on solid facts and figures. If you refer to Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's statement, you will find that the right hon. gentleman, while being a non smoker, protests (to quote the *Times*) "against the wastefulness of a practice involving the throwing away of one million sterling a year in cigar and cigarette ends!" And no doubt there are other sources of loss in other directions. What are done with the omnibus tickets when they have been examined? What becomes of the crumbs that fall from luncheon biscuits? Who collects the dropped pins? Who utilises the discarded steel pens? But to return to the cigar and cigarette ends. Anyone we see, with their assistance, can become at once a millionaire. All he will have to do is—*to collect them!* Yours, obediently,

A Philanthropist in Figures.

Pipe Place, Tobacco.

Jenner-al Criticism on Gloucester.

Great Foodle and Noodle once evolved
A campaign against all vaccination;
Their tactical problem now is solved
By General Extermination.

Shakspeare for Tammany.

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this "Big New York."

A RARE, OLD WINE.

Old crusted port, Sir, is the stuff
To make you wise and merry,
For he would be an awful duff-
-er who selected sherry.
Maderia if made cheaper would
Be certainly worth trying;
Your Rhenish wines I never should
Consider worth the buying.

Now Burgundy, I will admit,
Is worthy of attention,
Tho' connoisseurs have made of it
The *beaune* of much contention.
Good claret it is hard to find,
Unless you 're an importer;
Vin ordinaire is, to my mind,
Like vinegar and water.

But here 's a picture, caked in dust,
Now steady, do not shake it,
There 's an aroma! there 's a crust!
'Twould be a crime to break it;
A wine like this, you little thought
To pour into *your* throttle,
No finer vintage can be bought—
At one-and-three the bottle.

Then up arose the guest to post
A most important letter.
Thought he, "Such rare, old wine, good host,
The rarer 'tis, the better!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 13.—George Wyndham made to-night what, though not the best speech he has delivered since he sat for Dover, was certainly the most immediately effective. All his speeches are full of matter, admirably phrased, and with the making of a good delivery. But his more elaborate efforts have not succeeded in catching ear of House. For one thing they have been too elaborate, too lengthy, lacking in spontaneity. Moreover, by malign ill fortune they have always chanced to be essayed at unfortunate periods of a sitting, either in dinner-hour or towards close of debate already wearisomely long. On one occasion in last Parliament, having come down prepared with speech that was to blow up Ministry with dynamite force, matters took a sudden turn that, in interests of Opposition, called for suppression of the speech.

That not the only disappointment of a still young life. Wyndham served his party sedulously and effectively when in Opposition.

A Thorny Subject!
Sir John Gors(e)t in blossom.

"Where did yer spend yer 'Olidays, Bob?" "Souf o' France, o' course!"

His intimate personal relations with Prince Arthur, with whom he worked as unpaid Private Secretary, seemed to point him out for Ministerial office. Weighing in the balance his claims, capability, and suitability, against those of Mr. Jesse Collings and Mr. Powell Williams for example, Prince Arthur with Spartan inflexibility was bound to admit that his brilliant young friend was quite out of it. So Wyndham wended his way across what is not always the Styx of the Gangway, and, in the clearer atmosphere that broods over that part of House, perceives that whatever Prince Arthur and his colleagues in the Ministry do is not always right.

To-night, *à propos de bottes*, and talking of morning sittings on Tuesdays, he said so, to immense delight of gentlemen opposite, who would not have listened to him had he risen, as he might have done a year ago, to demonstrate the inevitableness and real beneficence of the arrangement.

"A delicate and difficult part to play, that of below-the-Gangway-candid-friend," says the veteran Sark. "Looks so easy; has in several instances, more especially to be found on Front Opposition Bench, proved successful, that anyone thinks he can do it. As Silomio has discovered, it's harder than it looks. Requires certain supreme qualities quite distinct from glibness of speech. Grandolph had these; so has Drummond Wolff; so has John of Gorst; and so, of course, though they were not primarily developed below the Gangway, has Prince Arthur. An earlier generation displayed them in the person of the Squire of Malwood and his sometime brother freelance, now Lord James of Hereford. Later came Don José starting from the same point. The Gangway is literally a

bridge, crossing which some men hasten by years the natural trend of their footsteps towards the Treasury Bench. But it is a narrow slip, an unrailed plank, bridging a gulf of permanent obscurity and deathless disappointment."

Business done.—Another Irish Land Bill brought in.

Tuesday.—"Never so astonished in all my life!" said Sir William Houldsworth, Bart., M.P., of Coodham, the Carlton and the Constitutional.

Only the o'her day The Bart. was in board-room of London and North-Western Railway. Question under discussion the carrying through Commons of Bill authorising widening of section of line between Chester and Holyhead.

"Never so astonished in all my life!" (Sir W. H-ldsw-rth.)

"You leave it to me, dear boys," said The Bart., hitching up his coat-tails and standing in favourite attitude before board-room fire. "I'll see the thing through. Not anything by way of oratory in the House, you know." (Lord Stalbridge, Lord Rathmore, Lord Loch, T. H. Ismay, and other directors: "Yes! Yes!") "No, dear boys," said The Bart., drawing an inch nearer the fire and shaking his head. "I know exactly what I can do. I'm not a Gladstone; never was a Bright; but I know all the ropes of the House, and if there's a man in it can get a private Bill through, his name is William Henry Houldsworth."

Bill came on at morning sitting to-day. The Bart., suffusing neighbourhood of corner seat above Gangway with air of benignant prosperity and calicoe-at-paying prices, moved second reading. Expected it to pass this stage straight away, any objection occurring to presumptious men being deployed in Committee. Unfortunately for The Bart, Irish Members just brought over in large numbers for Land Bill. Nothing to do this afternoon. Thought they'd have a lark with London and North-Western Railway. The Company refuse to attach third-class carriages to mail trains. Irish Member crossing and re-crossing to attend Parliamentary du'ies, bang goes a five-pound note.

The Old Man of the—Land. "*We* ain't doon so badly aout o' yon Beodget—me, an' t'maäster, an' t'paärson!"

North-Western want to run a little Bill through the House, do they? Irish Members block the line. Field in great form. Has put on clean shirt-front; lavished an extra penn'orth of hair-oil on his ambrosial locks; cut another button off his waistcoat, so that it may fold an inch lower down; thrusts a cambric pocket-handkerchief in his manly bosom; and in voice of thunder declares it "absurd, in the middle of the nineteenth century," that there should be no third-class carriages on the limited mail.

Tim Healy in most truculent mood. Others chime in; Welsh Members lend a hand. To inexperienced eye things look serious. The Bart unmoved.

"Leave 'em to me," he murmured. "I'll settle 'em."

So he moved closure. Rode on the whirlwind, and directed the storm through three divisions. Been a hard fight, but had got the second reading of Bill. Whilst mopping forehead, and thinking proudly what they'd say in the board-room, he observed Lloyd-George on his feet. His interposition nothing to him. Had got his Bill read second time; might now rest from his labours. Startled by hearing his name. Lloyd-George was moving that his vote be disallowed, seeing that he was pecuniarily interested in question submitted to House! The Bart gasped for breath. No joke this; meant seriously; Speaker, appealed to, ruled motion in order; commotion on all the benches; Prince Arthur hurriedly sent for; Tim Healy seconded amendment in voice trembling with indignation as he contemplated "hon. Members, going out into division lobby, rubbing shoulders with interested persons." Calls for The Bart. He rises a very diff-rent person from successful general of only ten minutes ago. Would hardly be recognized in Euston Square. If there was a fire in the room, would no more think of standing with his back to it than he would of getting into the Speaker's chair.

Admitted his directorship, but pathetically pleaded that his pecuniary interest in the company was very small. This said, Speaker directed him to withdraw. Forth he went like whipped schoolboy, John William (Maclure) dropping silent tear of sympathy as he remembered how he, too, had once suffered in similar circumstances.

"Here to-day and gone to-morrow!" ("J-hn W-ll-m" M-cl-re.)

"What a world it is!" John William said, his voice choked with emotion and dry sherry. "Here to-day and gone to-morrow! Yes, waiter, give me another."

Business done.—Sir William Houldsworth, Bart., gets into a sad mess.

Thursday.—Squire of Malwood thought he had done pretty well leaving his successor in Downing Street little legacy of six millions and a half to set new Government up in life. A little taken aback to-night to hear himself reproved by Hicks-Beach. "The triumph of a Chancellor of the Exchequer," said that high authority, "is when the exchequer receipts agree with his estimates." "Instead of which," as the judge said, Squire had so seriously under-estimated his receipts, that there was a balance to the good of a trifle over four millions even after the store had been heavily looted for supplementary estimates.

At this recollection Michael's mood melted. Didn't want to pain the right hon. gentleman; was even grateful to him. Nevertheless, bound to point out that the tide had turned in June, which, by strange coincidence, was the very month that saw defeat of Liberal Government, and preceded the dawn of Conservative supremacy. Up to that epoch revenue had actually fallen off. Following on it, income had advanced by leaps and bounds. During existence of Liberal Government, well-to-do people from whose estate dropped fatness in the shape of Death Duties, declined to die. Once the Conservatives in, millionaires, chanting *nunc dimittis*, departed in groups, swelling the revenues accordingly.

"Providence, as usual, on the side of the big battalions," said the Squire, repressing a sob. *Business done.*—Budget brought in.

Friday.—Lament sometimes made that palmy days of Irish membership are no more. New times, new men, new manners. One rare flash from below Gangway bids us hope. Mr. Murnaghan—melodiously murmurous name—on his legs discussing private Bill. Proposed to step aside and say a few words on the Orange controversy. Speaker gently pointed out that that was a topic scarcely cognate to matter formally before the House.

"I obey your ruling, Mr. Speaker," said Mr. Murnaghan, with fine rich brogue, "and I will just reiterate what I was going to say."

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Business done.—Irish votes in Committee of Supply.

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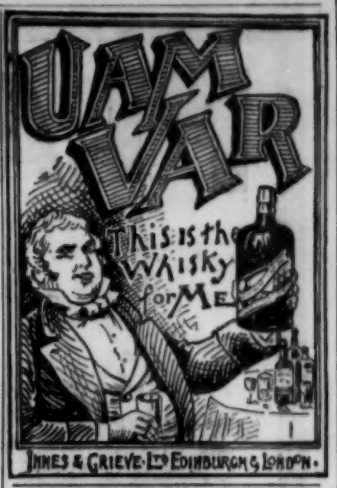

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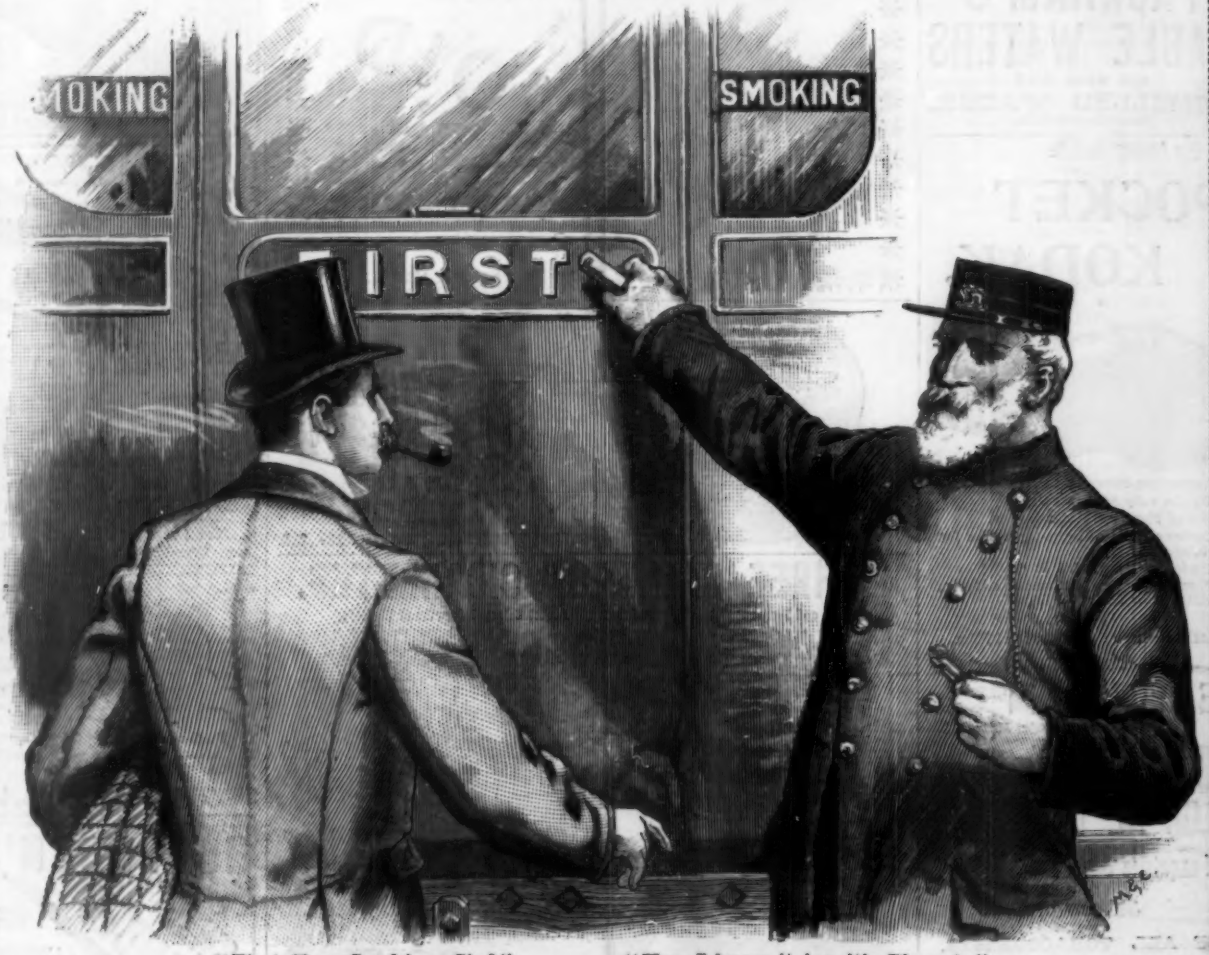

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